Ghe Red Albert-Circle O Payson. Terhune

AUTHOR OF "THE FIGHTER," "CALEB CON-OVER," "SYRIA FROM THE SADDLE," ETC. NOVELIZED FROM PATHE PHOTO PLAY OF THE SAME NAME BY WILL M. RITCHEY.

"Circle Jim" Borden, named from a red birthmark on his hand, has served his hind prison term. One in each Borden operation, always a criminal, has borne he Red Circle mark. Jim and his son red are the only known living of the Bordens. Max Lamar, a detective, is desided to keep an eye on Jim. June Travis and her mother meet Jim as he is released. Jim and Ted are killed. Next day Lamar sees the Red Circle on a womail's hand outside a curtained automobile june, marked with the Red Circle, robs Grant, a loan shark. Mary, June's nurse, discovers her theft and tells her she is "Circle Jim's" daughter, though Mrs. Travis does not know. Mary tricks Lahar. Lamar visits "Smiling Sam." Jim's pld crime partner. Sent to Surfton by Smiling Bam, Alma La Salle robs the ruests at a ball. Mary points her out to amar who follows her back to town, actures her with the jewels and goes after Smiling Sam. On the edge of a cilif pursuer and pursued engage in deadly combat. Gordon, a fugitive, rescues Lamar, and June in turn saves Gordon from arrest. Emiling Sam sees the Red Circle en June's hand.

TENTH INSTALLMENT **EXCESS BAGGAGE**

Leaning against a rock, near the are entrance, "Smiling Sam" rubbed big, knotted hand over the bristly stubble on his chin.

"A Red Circle on June Travis hand!" he muttered over and over. "How in blazes can that be?

He crept from the protection of the ravern-mouth and peered around the edge of the futting rock, nearer to Mary and June. Their excited conversation was carried on in highoftched tones that easily reached the hidden listener's ears.

"Of all the queer things that keep happening!" Mary was saying impatiently. "I do declare it gets on a body's nerves."

"If you let it get on your nerves." laughed June, "it's rather fun-any-

"Look!"

thing mysterious is fun."

June raised her right hand and pointed down the beach. "Is that a man carrying a basket,

er do my eyes deceive me?" Expecting an indignant retort and

receiving none at all, made her glance roguishly, from the corner of her eyes. She found Mary's horrified gaze fixed on her raised hand. The light left her face suddenly.

"Is it there?" she asked, dreading to look.

Mary took hold of the cold finger tips and pressed the marked hand against her breast.

"Yes, it's there," she answered sad-"Well, daughter of 'Circle Jim,' what new mischief are you planning "Smiling Sam" uttered a quick,

ok as the two women looked in his direction. Crouched there, gripping the smoothly worn surface for support, he grinned.

"Circle Jim!" June Travis "Circle Jim's" child! They turned and started to walk up the beach toward the Travis cottage. "Smiling Sam" crept stealthily from behind the huge pile of rocks and looked around for possible pur-



"Now Lock Me In!"

fuers. Finding the coast clear, he jumped boldly into the open and followed them as rapidly as he considered prudent.

As June neared the second rocky point, he called to her.

"Sam! Sam Eagan!" she gasped, clutching Mary's arm. "What does he want me for?"

By this time "Smiling Sam" was standing before them. He bowed overcourteously. When he stood erect, there was a strange light in his beady

"Sam!" June began reproachfully "after all your promises to me! After

all you-"What've I done, Miss Travis?" he whined.

"What have you done?" repeated June, moving a step nearer him. "Don't you feel the least bit of shame, stand

ing there, before me, and asking me that?"

Sam threw back his head and roared aloud with genuine laughter. Mary ran to June and put her arms around her

He stepped before them and blocked their way. Then he pointed a stubby, gray-smirched forefinger at June's lightly clasped hands.

"Not so quick!" he repeated sharply. "I've got your pedigree, and it's a peach." Cold fear crept into June's heart.

She made a spasmodic attempt to hide

her hands behind her back. Sam laughed triumphantly. "Who would 'a' thought it," he purred at her. "Miss June Travisprison worker, saver of souls, a little angel of the cells-a crook-daughter

of 'Circle Jim,' the slickest thing I ever chummed with." "Come to the house with me!" Mary implored piteously.

"Didn't I tell you not so quick, old lady? She ain't going to the house with you and leave me cold. Get me?" he snarled.

"What do you want?" asked June. looking straight into his victors little eyes.

"Oh, going to be nasty about it, eh? Well, now look here, you-cut it. They're after me. And 'Circle Jim's' daughter will get me food and protection, or I'll squeal good and plenty and trade her secret to the police. see?"

June shrank into Mary's armsher bravado gone.

"Oh, maybe ma would like to know the glad news!" he sneered. "Well, here goes."

"Stop!" June caught at his dirty, wrinkled coat sleeve. "Hide! Hide quickly, before they see you! Tonight I'll leave a basket of food for you at the corner of our garage-you know the place! Now, hide!

Sam cast a last threatening look at the two figures in the distance, then dodged deftly behind a convenient bowlder.

June swayed toward Mary. "Your mother is coming, lamb," she

warned. "She mustn't know-she mustn't suspect. Pull yourself together. And keep your hand hidden. June nodded wearily.

"I will." she said. "She won't know. I won't let her know."

"Have you found any trace of it?" Mrs. Travis called to her, a minute later.

"Not a trace. Mary and I have looked all over this part of the beach."

Once inside her room June and Mary dropped pretense. "You ought to hate me, dear," June said at last. "Your life is a misery gasping sound and ducked behind the to you now. But you must know that wouldn't cause you sorrow or worry

if I could help it-don't you know it,

Mary? When these spells come on. "There, there!" interrupted the old woman, drawing her into the circle of her arms. "Hate you? I love you better than anything in this wide world. And I'm going to stay by and shield you as long as there's life in me. Now, we won't say any more about thatever. What we've got to think of now is this latest danger. We have to get away from Surfton, dear-right away. Tell your mother you want to go back

to the city." "I don't think it will work, but I'll

try," she said meekly. Her courage ebbed even further when she entered the library a moment later and saw the expression of ting all fussed up about." impatience on her mother's usually smooth brow. Evidently the irritation of the stolen lunch had not worn

June went up to her chair and put her arms over her mother's shoulders. Mrs. Trayis looked up. The touch was not that of impetuous June at all. It was unnaturally meek and gentle. A look at the wan face alarmed

"What is it-what is it, darling?" she asked hurriedly. "Do you feel

June nodded.

"Yes," she said, shuddering slightly as the thought of "Smiling Sam" came back to her. "I feel ill. Mother, I want to go home-to the city-I mean. I want to go tonight, mother."

June had worked herself up to the verge of nervous hysteria. Mrs. Travis saw, with alarm, that she was under some great mental strain.

"But I think you will get well so much more quickly down here, dear," Her determination was weakening. June felt it. It gave her new courage.

"So many queer things have happened since we've been here," Mary put in quickly. "The child's nerves have been upset for several days. Sho didn't want to worry you, so she hasn't said anything about it. But I've known, and it has scared me."

"Do you think it's as good for her in the city as it is here?" Mrs. Travis

asked, in surprise. "I think the best place for her, just now is the place she wants to be."

said Mary quickly. "All right, If you think it's advis-

much against my will."

"And we can go this evening?" June asked eagerly.

"Yes," answered Mrs. Travis with some reluctance. The girl jumped up from her chair

and hugged her rapturously. "Oh. I'm so glad! Thank you so much, mother dear. You'll see how guickly I get well in the city. Come on, Mary.

Upstairs, June was throwing armfuls of fluffy petticoats and dance frocks from the depths of a clothes closet, faster than Mary could pile them up on the bed.

There was a subdued knock at the door. Mary opened it. Yama stood in the hall. He had the two trunks on a small hand truck.

"Put them anywhere," June sang out, "and open them." June's face clouded suddenly. She came close to Mary and spoke in a

whisper. 'We will have dinner early tonight and we start for the city in the car right after. We have to manage to get that basket of food to Sam, Mary. I'm afraid not to. Afraid!"

"Oh. I'll arrange that all right," soothed the old nurse. "I'll have the basket fixed long before. Then right after we've finished dinner you and I can slip out on some pretext or other and put it at the side of the garage."

At seven o'clock that evening a bulky, crouching figure slid along in the shadow of the hedge skirting the Travis grounds. It made for a small gate, looked cautiously to the left and right, then darted through, toward the rear of the garage.

A huge touring car, rolled half through the open doorway, reflected the light of a low moon from its highly polished hood,

The man sneaked around in the shadows, saw and dodged back, fearful lest there might be someone in it He peered around the corner of the garage and grinned mockingly as he

saw Mary and June steal down the steps of the little back porch and run down the driveway in his direction. Sam crept along the outside of the garage, keeping well within the The flerce hunger that gnawed within him almost overcame his caution. As the two women drew near he darted toward them, snatched

able, we'll try it, although it's very basket and stuffed them into his have got me going. They make me see greasy trouser pockets, kicked the basket outside the grounds and started for the back of the house. Then, step by step, he crept toward a long open window, from which a yellow band of light streamed out across the lawn.

his rapid breathing. Inside there was

a clink of china and tableware. He saw Yama pick up a small carving set and open a shallow drawer in the buffet. But before the little Jap had a chance to put the knife and work away June called to him from the hall.

Instantaneously obedient, Yama dropped the implements on the table and started for the door, where he collided with June as she ran in swathed in chiffon veils and motor coat.

"Oh, there you are!" She smiled at his evident embarrassment. "Yama, here's the key of my large trunk-the one with the trays, you know. It's so jammed full we can't close it. Will you close and lock it after we've gone? The baggageman will be here soon." "Of a certain, Miss June," assented the grave little man.

Thank you. Now will you come out and tuck us in the car? There's no one who can fix an automobile robe as tell the exciting story. snugly as you can, Yama. Somehow or other it always stays put."

Flattened against the house, Sam heard Mrs. Travis give final instructions about locking up the place. Then June's musical young voice called out: "Don't forget to give the express-

man the right address, Yama."

A dull rage burned in Eagan's heart; the malignant, virulent srage of the duped crook who has never before doubted his own craft. Braving the light, the possibility of capture-everything-he stepped boldly through the open window and walked to the center of the room. His hand closed on the savageness that was foreign to his usual suave methods.

Overhead he heard the floor respond almost imperceptibly to Yama's light steps. That must be the room the alley-but nothing doing." trunks were in, he decided. He bent down and crept along the floor, so that Lamar quietly. his body could not be seen from the outside

erect and felt his way to the stairs They creaked faintly under his bulky weight-too faintly to attract atten



"I've Got Your Pedigree, and It's a Peach."

tion In the upper corridor a halfthe basket from Mary's arm, and plunged an eager, dirty hand into it. "Go out of the grounds and eat it, please!" begged June. "Someone may

come at any minute. June tried to force him around the garage. 'Say, quit pushing me!" he grum-

bled indignantly. "There ain't a soul here. I don't see what you're get-"I tell you, someone may come any

minute." Mary looked toward the house. A shadow crossed a lighted window. She

added her entreaties to June's "If you expect to be fed and protected you'll have to do as we say."

'Say, you people talk like you were doing me a favor!" he observed in heavy sarcasm, "when all the time it's me that's keeping 'Circle Jim's' daughter from a little uniform and a tin cup!" "Oh, hush, hush!" June's voice was

shrill with terror. "All I ask you to do is to leave the grounds. Now will you go, or won't you?" "Oh well when you're decent about

it like that, I suppose I'll go," and "Smiling Sam" allowed himself to be urged around the garage into the darkness.

He reached the rear gate, still munching. And then a thought struck him. Those two women had seemed desperately anxious to be rid of him. A heavy step crunched the gravel of the driveway. Sam dropped into the shadow and waited. He saw the chauffeur approach the car, carrying an armful of motor robes and two heavy suitcases. He heard the thud as they were slid along the floor of the tonneau. Then there was a sudden snorting, a whir and a sharp little explosion, as the car shot forward and rolled down the drive toward the house. In the protection of the shrubbery, "Smiling Sam" groaned out a

string of oaths. Double crossed! So that was their game. Well he'd show them. He took handfuls of sandwiches from the

opened door showed a lighted room.

Yama, his back toward the door, was trying to persuade a bulging trunk that his slight weight was sufficient to end the argument. "Smiling Sam" slowly and silently opened the door. Intent upon the stubborn job before him, Yama heard nothing-sensed

nothing. Sam stood over him, brandishing the The delirious fright of the little man before him fired his blood.

"Take the trays out of that trunk and dump the things in that closet over there," he commanded.

You're going to look me in, ship me to the city as baggage and keep your gab muzzled. If you breathe a word, to anybody,"-here Sam drew an aeroplanic road map with his knife-'I'll run this little lawn mower down your throat, cut out your vocal cords and string 'em on my zither! Get me? Now lock me in!"

The ashen, shaken Jap clicked the key in the lock and adjusted the straps. Downstairs, he heard the haggageman tramp up on the back porch

and knock loudly on the door. Yama led the two men back into Between them they hoisted the trunk containing "Smiling Sam" and

carried it downstairs. In his office, surrounded by his stuffy old records and science books, Lamar had been struggling all day to rid himself of the vision of a pair of challenging eyes, laughing lips and a crown of adorable curls.

In utter disgust he slammed down

a book on "The Defective Cerebel-

lum," took his hat and cane from the rack, and stroiled over to the office of the chief of police. The chief came out to greet him. "Hello-what's up?" he inquired tersely, at first sight of him. "Look all

gone to pieces. What is it? Stomach, liver-or heart?" "Oh, I'm worked out!" explained Max impatiently. "These 'Red Circle' cases

what a dub I am."

"I don't want to speak to you about the 'Red Circle,'" Allen told him. "Come on into the office and have a smoke. I want you to drop these cases for a while and go to work on Having reached it, he tried to stiffe the Gordon affair. The Farwell corporation will pay heavy blood money to get him back. You're the man I want on it."

Wouldn't it be exciting?"

There was a sharp click, a buzzing,

"Why Dld You Come Here?"

was no answer. She became quite ex-

cited about it-and persisted. Sud-

"You cut me off!" June answered

"What number were you talking

"I don't know. They called me."

"If I can locate the party, I'll call

June put the received back on the

"The reason I'm so put out and irri-

tated about it," she explained, "is be-

cause I thought it sounded like my

as though she were terribly fright-

she added meditatively. "She didn't

of morbid tabulation-the events that

When she had gone into June's room

had followed:

was hideous.

ears.

I'II-'

moan!

clung about her nostrils.

denly a bored voice broke in:

you again. Hang up, please."

book and turned to Gordon.

"Number, please?"

"Oh bother!"

sharply.

nesslike as could be.

"I'd like to do anything you ask mar?" me to, chief," he declared, sincerely, "but I can't handle this Gordon case. 'Red Circle' until I solve it."

There was a knock at the door. The chief's secretary came in from the

outside office "The two men you sent down to Surfton on the Gordon case are out-

side. They'd like to see you at once -very important." Lamar reached for his hat. The

chief interposed. "No, I want you to stay and hear what they have to say. Maybe it will arouse your interest sufficiently to make you change your mind. Send them in, Harry."

The two detectives rushed into the doorway, each desperately anxious to

"Didn't get a trace of him down at Surfton," Boyle, the taller of the two, burst out as he crossed the threshold. "Must have had a pal down there who warned him."

"And we were coming back to town disgusted with our luck," intercepted Jacobs, "when all of a sudden I look out of the window and see this fellow Gordon, standing plumb on the sidewalk, as bold as you please. Of course Bill and I got off that car in double quick time; but before we could steal up on him Gordon sighted us and-"

"And made for an alleyway," the first detective broke in, jealously, "We ugly knife lying on the table, with a chased him down the alleyway-it was one running alongside a lumber yard We got a patrolman to stand guard over the entrance to the yard while we investigated farther down the

"Did you search the yard?" asked

"Aw, how can you search a lumber yard?" scoffed Jacobs. "A guy could Once in the darkened hall, he stood have you playing hide-and-seek all week in one of those things. We put the patrolman there so he couldn't make a getaway."

The chief looked at Lamar. "Well," he asked slyly, "does it change your mind?"

Max shook his head. "Sorry. But it doesn't. Good-by. I'm not going back to the office just yet. I'm going to take a brisk walk. call up Mr. Lamar. In fact I know conjunction with the efficiency move-Maybe when I get back some of these cobwebs will be cleared out of my only my imagination." head. I'm not going to walk past any lumber yards, either," he added as a parting shot.

The four men-all interested in the man hunt for the little embezzler, Gor- June at Lamar's office! Why? And hundred feet of film, educating them don-laughed heartily. If only one of secretly, too. Horrors were piling up, along some particular line which them had looked out of the window of the chief's office at that minute he would have seen a weary, bedraggled communicate with Lamar. A sense of many weary hours of study. in his hand, wander past, looking for ness. She knew, as soon as the cenan address.

The weary, bedraggled creature was that she had done a foolish thing. And Charles Gordon, fugitive attorney, then June had answered! who, after a night spent on a damp park lawn, was seeking Max Lamar to throw himself on his mercy.

The sight of a blue uniform with measured breathing. Then the sound brass buttons on the street corner of something heavy being dragged over poor man to possess many books into a convenient doorway. Heavy, in instant terror. regular footsteps approached his hiding place—the measured pacing of the patrolman on his beat, known so well accustomed to take her afternoon nap, to evaders of embarrassing situations, she went over the happenings of the The blue, well-fed figure got abreast past hour. of the spot-passed it, unseeing. The

coast was clear. Gordon jumped from the doorway. skirted the building, keeping close to sixty short minutes. She looked at the the wall, and turned the corner. There little silver boudoir clock, one of he drew a free breath and pushed his

hat back on his forehead. The second large doorway from the corner had "Black Building" carved his suitcase. in the stone up over the arch. Gordon

looked at the card in his hand The penciled line under Lamar's name read, "512 Black Building." He ticked off the dreadful events in a sort knife, snarling, swearing, threatening, walked through the huge glass door and started to mount the stairs. A man sneaking from the law's hands does not trust himself to elevatorsor rather people who run them.

> At the top of the fourth flight he turned down the hallway to his left ghastly at the time. She had not noand looked for the door with that ticed until afterward, when its pallor number on it. He found it-the door slightfy alar.

Very cautiously Gordon pushed it

wider. A graceful woman, prettily gowned, was seated in a chair beside the desk. with her back to him. The click of the closing door made her jump up and face him

Gordon gasped. It was June Travis! "Mr. Gordon!" she exclaimed, looking around nervously. "Why did you come here? How foolish of you to the room and showed them the trunks. take the chance! You had such a splendid opportunity to get away! Why didn't you take advantage of it?"

"Get away?" Gordon laughed bitterly. "Miss Travis, everyone thinks that 'getting away' is mere child's play until they try to do it. There is nothing so difficult. There is nothing in the torture line that can come up to it-this dodging the police when you don't know how. I'm tired and cold and hungry. I've spent the night attic door he had flourished a knife on a lawn in the park. I haven't had a morsel of food. I'm sick and discouraged-ready to give up. Mr. La- slone, recalling the scene. mar is my last hope. I thought I'd try him. If he turns me down it's all

over." "Maybe, if you can tell somebody what has happened, it will make it easier for you," said June. The telephone on the desk, at June's

elbow, tinkled.

he gave first.

caught at the edge of the bureau to

keep from falling. Upstairs from the

attic there was a crash that shook the

walls of the room, then a stifled

(END OF TENTH INSTALLMENT.)

"I wonder if that's a call," she whispered, dimpling with mischief. "If it s. I'm going to answer it. Suppose it's some big crime case? A murder! She took the receiver from the "Hello," she said, as brief and busi "Hello," came back over the wire in a short, frightened gasp. "Mr. La-

There is so much that may be said then utter silence. June moved the on the subject of motion pictures as Because I'm going to stick to the hook up and down impatiently. There an educational factor in modern civilization that I almost hesitate to discuss the problem in one short article. Great as is the present in-structive value of the film the most conservation students admit it is in its infancy and, as a form of amusement, the very fact that motion picture production ranks fourth among the industries of the United States is quite sufficient to prove its standing. It is the combination of amusement and instruction that is to be found in the motion picture of today that assured its permanency.

There was a time, a few years ago. when the man who provided for his family by working eight or ten hours a day, at a not exorbitant wage, found the problem of paying for clean amusement a difficult one to solve. Today the many picture theatres, with admissions ranging from five cents up, answer the amusement question very satisfactorily. After a hard day's work, the head of the family is en-enabled to take his wife and children to a comfortable theatre, where, for a small amount, they enjoy well-con-structed dramas, uproarious comedies and current news pictures, amplified by good music.

It is the news picture that has developed into one of the most voluable educational mediums of modern times. A very few years ago we depended entirely upon newspaper accounts of the happenings in foreign countries, frequently grabled and sometimes purposely distorted and illustrated, best, with reproductions of still photographs. Today we see the actual happening portrayed upon the screen almost as distinctly as the event itself. We see the European armies marching to the front, battleships being launched, generals and rulers in interesting moments, and a thousand and one other happenings that bring foreign lands to our very doors. That is one angle of the educational value of motion pictures,

Another, and perhaps more vitally important department of screen education is that used by private institunurse's voice. It was so like hers- tions. In schools and churches the motion picture machine has became as ened! It couldn't have been, though," permanent and necessary as the library; not replacing it, but acting as a valuable auxiliary.

know I was coming here-I didn't want In commercial and manufacturing her to. And she hadn't any reason to lines the use of motion pictures in ment that has done so much to further she'd avoid him. I suppose it was the welfare of modern business has been of inestimable value. The new processes of manufacture a new me-At the Travis house Mary shrank thod of salesmanship and kindred deaway from the telephone and covered talls may be shown to a multitude of her face with her hands, in terror. men and women by the use of a few formerly would have required a vol-It had been a wild, unreasoning fear that drew her to the telephone to ume of exhaustive explanations and

The most successful shops, factories creature holding a small, white card desperation and complete helpless and wholesale and recall stores of today find that this method of bringtral repeated the number after her, ing the latest and best methods to the attention of their employees are of mutual benefit to employer and em-

Mary crept to the foot of the stairployee alike In many ways the motion picture way leading up to the attic and lisreplaces the library in families where tened. She thought she heard a slow, books might be a luxury. In some in stances of would be impossible for the ahead of him made him dodge rapidly the floor made her fly to her own room day the family visits the motion picn instant terror.

ture theatre where, for a few cents, they see the greatest works of fiction comfortable old chair where she was produced upon the screen by the best actors, with appropriate scenery-and it is astual scenery, not water-colored

canvas of the old speaking stage. And so it has come to pass that the invention which was at first re-Hour! Had it been only an hour? It was incredible to suppose that so garded as a toy has been developed much disaster could accumulate in until it is at present one of the greatest instruments of modern civilization, The elements of amusement and education are so nicely blended that we June's gifts. Just an hour since, she are amused while being instructed had looked from the window to see and instructed while being amused. Yama coming up the walk, carrying And the future of the motion picture s just as sure and certain as the Only an hour since he had put the future of printing, for the motion picgrip on the front porch and handed ture is merely another means of conher the key to June's big trunk. Mary veying thought and reproducing

> This world be a happy world if we could only believe everything we



Who Wears Them,

Ask the Man

If we could reconguize our duty

"On board the Appam, besides four

officers and thirty men of the British navy, we found chests of gold. These

Read the Classified Ads.

Count von Dohana-Schlodien.
The day after the capture of the Ap-

pam by the Moewe, says the Overseas mistrustful, answered: News agency's summary of the count's you?" reminiscences, the steamer Clan Mac-

are you?

The Moewe replied: "A German

have really stopped." A month later, during one night, a

Tayish was sighted at 4:30 o'clock in cruiser: stop immediately."

Berlin, March 23, by wireless to Sayville—Interesting details of some fast, it was only after a long chase less, 'I have stopped,' but she continuation of the British was sighted whose nationality it ence under which name the ship was sighted whose nationality it ence under which name the ship was impossible to learn. Her most sunk, but it was pitiful that we should navy, who were about to direct can be sunk, but it was only after a long chase less, 'I have stopped,' but she continuation of the British was impossible to learn. Her most sunk, but it was pitiful that we should navy, who were about to direct can be sunk, but it was only after a long chase less, 'I have stopped,' but she continuation of the British was impossible to learn. Her most sunk, but it was only after a long chase less, 'I have stopped,' but she continuation of the British was impossible to learn. Her most sunk, but it was pitiful that we should have to sink a steamer with 1000 bot- non against us.

of the exploits of the German com- that the Moewe was able to get near ed at full speed," said the Moewe's she was, gave me a name which was ties of champagne on board, as we had driven away by rifle fire merce raider Moewe have been given her Then ensued a wireless conversation, the Moewe asking, "What ship dent. "The first shell we sent exploding the incident. "Off Madeira the Appam was sightre you?"

ed on the bridge. The firing went on the gave another name. The captain until after the MacTavish had been afterward told me that in his confu-"Who are hit several times, and she wired, 'We sion he really had forgotten the name warning shot, upon which the steamer

"It was a matter of utter indiffer-

ed. I signaled her to stop. As the captain did not obey, I fired a single

came to a half.
"When we steamed over to the Ap-

we carried with us to Germany." we should be in a position to dodge it.

Read the Classified Ads.